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Dark Paradise



mystery

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20 0 2

Chapter 1 by Stella

MILO

I was woken by a noise that sounded like footsteps. “Francesca? Is that you?” I whispered. No response. I sat up and saw her standing in the middle of my room, fully dressed. The clock on the wall read 11:47pm, where was she going? I decided I’d ask in the morning. As I drifted back to sleep I suddenly heard a noise.

“Go back to sleep Milo, you can’t take her away from me, she’s mine.”

I sat up and stared at her, “Are you ok?”

“Go back to sleep ok?” she repeated. Then she swiftly turned and left the room.

FRANCESCA

I woke up at 11:45, like I had for the past three days, and got dressed. People were talking in the other room. No, no one is supposed to be up. I crept from the hall to Milo’s room. It was always so neat and precise, the opposite of mine. I shuffled in quietly, fists clenched tightly in my pockets. “You don’t know half of it,” I whispered into his ear. As I turned to leave he opened his eyes. “Go back to sleep Milo, you can’t take her away from me, she’s mine.”

“Are you ok?” He looked bewildered.

“Go back to sleep ok?” Then I left the room.

He needed to stop looking, stop following. He was so close and he didn’t even know it.

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MILO

“Good morning, Mil”

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The cheery sound of my older sister Brighten's voice roused me from my sleep. "Go away, you should be making pancakes or something," I mumbled in my sleepy daze.

"That's what I'm going to do. But first you need to go wake up Francesca and tell her to get ready," she smiled and winked at me. "The best part of your day."

"Alright, alright. Just go make some pancakes already." Brighten spun and left the room, her socked feet making small, light footsteps down the hall.

I threw a t-shirt on and stared into the mirror. My dirty blonde hair, looking especially dark, was making my blue eyes dull. I shook my head as I walked to her door.

"Frrrrannnnnnccceeeesssssscccccccaaaaa," I sang, "Ri is making pancakes!"

"I'll be down in a sec. I have to get ready," She was pacing around her room brushing her hair and getting dressed.

"C'mon, it's Sunday. You don't have to get all fancy for us."

"Well actually I have plans. Madden, Sloane, Parker and I are going to the mall to shop and watch a movie. I'll be gone all day so you won't see me."

"Oh, I guess Brighten will have the house to herself tonight. And by the way, what happened last night?"

"Oh that was nothing."

"Fine, I'm going to get ready now. See you downstairs."

She nodded and picked up her phone, "K. See ya twin."

I wandered back to my room and sat down. Tonight, if she wakes up, I'm going to follow her, I thought, maybe then I'll get what's going on. Ugh, I hope she isn't meeting up with Madden, that'd be gross.

"FRANCESCA! MILO! COME GET IT'S GONE!"

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Jesus almighty, would it I

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"Do you like pancakes?" She said it so lightly I almost didn't hear it.

"I'm coming. Let me get dressed," I call down.

"WHAT ARE YOU, A DRAG QUEEN? COME ON, THE BACON'S ALMOST GONE!"

I heard footsteps pounding down the hall, "I'M COMING!" I screamed, "DON'T LET HER TAKE IT!"

"YOU CAN HAVE IT IF YOU BEAT ME," she hollers back. She's bolting down the stairs and before I know it she's holding the last slices of bacon.

"Dammit Cesca, why are you so fast?"

"Why are *you* so slow?"

"You got me there," I admitted, "Just eat it already, it's killing me." She slowly bit into the bacon and savoured the taste, making exaggerated faces and noises to go along with it. Then all of a sudden she shoved the rest of it into her mouth, wiped her hands on her jeans, and ran up to her room.

FRANCESCA

I could feel strained look on my face. Knowing this was my last breakfast together with them... I had to get out of there. Milo and Ri thought I was going to the mall and I had to leave before they started asking questions. I had to go back.

I opened my window and climbed out. *Shit*. I'd forgotten shoes. I gingerly stepped on to the dying grass, thinking about how this was the last time I'd be here and how I would have blisters all along the soles of my feet later.

Then I ran. I ran until I reached my dark, lovely paradise.

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